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Congo News Letter

JULY 1944

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THE 1944 CONFERENCE

There are times when all sign posts seem to point to only one place or event, and so it was when we arrived on the field in January. Until Conference! At Conference! perhaps in March, may be not until June. So back of this coming event, and determining it, was another: the expected arrival from New York of our two Home secretaries, Mr. Albaugh and Miss Shank. The former had two years ago set out on the Zamzam for Congo. He had been returned after internment. Now he was trying again to visit us.

"Albaugh is in Congo, but must first visit all stations," so the date was fixed for June, surely by then Miss Shank, who was leaving the States in March, would be able to join us.

June 2nd — Every member of our much depleted staff had come to Leopoldville, Mrs. H.D. Brown and little Douglas excepted. Those of us who were the last to arrive, coming that very day by train from graduation and trustees' meeting at Kimpese, were greeted by others, some of whom we had not seen for five or six years. What a happy time of fellowship around the campfire, picnic supper guests of our missionaries working in Leopoldville.

The opening session that evening was a joint one, missionaries and native leaders singing together, listening together to devotions led by Thomas Ngumina, thanking God for the return of some during the past year and asking His blessing on the days ahead. Just one disappointment: Miss Shank delayed "somewhere in Africa".

The next morning business sessions began in earnest. We were following the heavy program planned for us: Stations and staffing; Evangelistic, educational and medical work; Strenghening of the "Church"; Need for more native leaders; Setting up of a native conference; Renewed emphasis on work with women and girls; Union work (cooperation with other

Protestant missions in educational work, development of literature, pressure for religious liberty); Finance; Post war planning; etc.

The second day, Sunday, was eventful. An inspiring sermon from our Mr. Albaugh. It was good to have him with us. He could note changes and point out progress made since his term twenty years ago at Vanga. Having just seen work on all the stations he could help us look at things in the large.

In the afternoon all joined in a unique service at the Christian Center in Leopoldville-Ouest. The population of Belgian Congo's capital is made up of peoples from all over Congo so it is not strange to find there some from each of our stations. All those who count themselves former A.B.F.M.S. students, no matter from what part of the field, had made special preparations for honoring their "mbuta" (leader). In a very fitting program of speech and the song "Hold Thou My Hand", they presented Mr. Albaugh with two hands clasped, carved out of ivory. They even gave him a purse to cover export duty. All were impressed and the prayer of missionaries was that the words of the reply and the real joy of the moment might remain with the givers.

Third day of Conference began and continued until noon according to schedule. Then word came that there was passage to the States for the Smiths, Tuttles and Albaugh and that they should be ready to leave Thursday morning. Now what items in that program for twelve days should be discussed during the next two and a half: no need to say that full sessions and busy days followed.

It was difficult Thursday morning to settle down to business. We missed the new voice and note in the mid-morning devotions as led by Mr. Albaugh. "Faith", "Courage", "Compassion", "Vision" — All these and more must we have if we are to give ourselves to real service for God in this land.

The seventh, eighth, ninth tenth days! the end of deliberations in sight but everyone beginning to weary. Then out of the sky, the only passenger on an unscheduled plane, came Miss Shank. She was with us in the session of that evening and so helpful in discussion of finance the next morning. We were thankful that the malaria which forced her

to bed that afternoon did not overtake her in more inhospitable quarters. The fact of her being actually in Congo, though not with us in Conference, helped us to push on through committee and Post War Plans.

The 1944 Conference closed officially with the reading of the minutes on the afternoon of the fourteenth day. But that evening some of us enjoyed an informal sing and special music by members of our mission together with others enroute from their fields through Leopoldville to the U.S.

The good fellowship and fine spirit in and out of sessions; the times of meditation and prayer, not only in the morning but the last thing in the evening, led by various ones; the special music — solos, duets, quartettes; the contribution made by native leaders to discussions in joint sessions; the manifest "growing" pains of the Church; the word that new missionaries have been appointed and will soon be joining us; the valuable and timely presence of two home secretaries — all these and more made this year's gathering of our Congo missionaries and leaders one long to be remembered and worthy of being described as unusual.

MARGARET HALL

MRS. JOSEPH CLARK

The Lord has called another of Congo's beloved pioneer missionaries to her eternal reward. Mrs Joseph Clark first came to the Congo in 1884 where she labored together with her husband at Palabala in the lower Congo six years and later at Ikoko and Tondo until 1930. Mr. Clark passed away just as they were ready to leave Congo for the last time. Mrs. Clark gave forty-six years of her life to this country and the people she loved so dearly. She said, "I would gladly lay my body down as a stepping stone in the path over which others may reach the interior". The following testimonies from her colleagues and native friends show that thru the faithful work of Mr. and Mrs. Clark during half a century the gospel has indeed reached the interior of this land.

The last year and a half Mrs. Clark spent at the Baptist Residence in Winnebago, Minnesota where Miss Edna Oden, is matron, a former missionnary colleague of the Clarks at Tondo, Belgian Congo.--Editor.

Mrs. Clark passed away Sunday March 5th at 10:50 a.m. She had been confined to her bed since November, before that she would be put in a chair once in a while and sit by the window. She enjoyed the Christmas tree that I put in her room and was happy over the packages and messages she received. Since the first of the year she had been failing very fast, and became very thin. The funeral was on Wednesday. Rev. Moyer, Rev. Akensen and Rev. Moore participated in the service. The two first named are from the First Baptist Church of Minneapolis, they and three ladies came from the church that had supported Mr. and Mrs. Clark for so many years. "Nearer still Nearer" and "It is Well with My Soul" were sung by a young lady from the Winnebago church. The flowers were beautiful. Two children, Harold living in Joplin, Mo., and Stephanie Meleney at Estes Park, Colorado, were unable to be present.

Mrs. Clark was always so patient. Friday morning I greeted her with our Congo greeting "omwa" (are you awake) and later asked, "How are you this morning?" She replied as always, "I am well." As I talked to her about Congo, the work and friends, her eyes would brighten and often she would say "Oh", she was so interested in it all. I believe Ngando Pierre had first place in her heart and life. (note: Ngando has remained steadfast through the years, completed with honor his schooling at Kimpese, and is now junior pastor of the Tondo church and a capable teacher in the Boys' Boarding school.)

I am glad that I could care for Mrs. Clark and be with her until the last. I miss her a great deal. It is lonely without her but I am glad she is relieved from suffering and pain. Tell her many friends she will be waiting for them to join her in the land where there is no more sorrow, sin, nor separation. "In the sweet by and by, we shall meet on that beautiful shore".

EDNA ODEN

* * *

To write of Mrs. Clark fully would require many slates and notebooks, but I will record just a few words.

Mrs. Clark was a white person by her skin, but by her living we never considered this difference, for she was truly our mother and our grandmother. I came into her hands when

I was 12 years old. My father did not want me to change my heart, but I did not like his ways, so I ran away that I might be with Mr. and Mrs. Clark.

Day after day Mrs. Clark bought bread, fish and bananas that she might feed us three times daily. And three times daily she looked at our feet to see that there were no jiggers, and at our hands and nails and heads to see that we were properly washed.

Mrs. Clark insisted that each child in her care know how to speak the Ten Commandments given by Moses, John 3:16 and other words from the Book of God, also that we know how to pray the disciples' prayer. One of her special characteristics was this: if a child made a mistake, she took him into her bedroom and there taught him the words and ways of God, sometimes she cried because of his mistake and seeing this the child would begin to cry, so they would cry together after which she would pray and then the child would pray. Then they would go out of the quiet place.

Another characteristic was this, whenever a boy and girl married Mrs. Clark went frequently to the hut of the newly married couple to see that it was clean, the food properly prepared and the bed neatly made.

Truly Mrs. Clark was our mother, our grandmother, and we shall ever cherish the memory of her life among us and her sincere love for us.

NGANDO PIERRE

* * *

An Appreciation

It was in a cramped little room in the Prince George Hotel in New York City that I first met Mrs. Joseph Clark. They wanted to see a possible candidate for missionary work in Congo, and the Mission Board had hastily called me by telephone from a church office in New Jersey. Surprise and awe characterized my feelings as I approached the interview on that spring day in 1926. But I left feeling as though I had been privileged to confer and kneel in prayer with those through whom the prophecy of Isaiah must surely have found fulfillment as a result of their consecration and service:- "Justice shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness shall abide in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be

peace; and the effect of righteousness quietness and confidence forever".

The next few years I was permitted to live and work with Mr. and Mrs. Clark, a blessed experience it was. Mrs. Clark had a keen sense of humour, and possessed inner resources of Divine power and grace which made her outwardly a radiant personality and the epitome of patience. One of the secrets which enabled her to serve Christ nearly half a century in Congo is that she had learned to "walk and not faint". Truly could she say through all the years even as on that last Friday before her translation "I am well".

And her spiritual health enabled her to heal the sick, teach the unlearned, comfort the sorrowing, and lead the otherwise eternally lost into eternal life through Christ our Saviour. Hundreds of Congo folk were drawn from the fears and superstition of heathenism, into the liberty love and light of born-again souls, some of whom are already jewels in Christ's diadem. Others live and labour here below to win one day a Christian victor's crown, but still untouched and unsaved are thousands of others. Ah, no fine eulogies in poem or prose would please or satisfy this saintly woman; an all-out support by prayers, gifts and missionary personnel to the Congo people, whom she as Christ's witness so unsparingly gave herself, would nobly perpetuate her memory and ever be the Glory of God.

MARGUERITE ELDREDGE

"A MOTHER IN ISRAEL"
was Mama Monkasa.

When Fred and I arrived at Palabala, July 21, 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Clark were outside waiting to welcome us to be co-workers with them. It was my first term, and Fred's second. All the years they lived, we were close friends.

Mrs. Clark was always busy with church and school work, so I learned by being present as much as possible. She was also training Edwin, the cook, in the art of preparing three meals a day for eight missionaries. When the big chief Noso died, July 25th, at least twelve natives died, — we were sure — from poison. Then all the missionaries became ill, Mr. Clark and Fred, seriously. Mrs. Clark and I were able to care for them, meeting in the cookhouse to

get broth from Edwin for our husbands. The missionaries were all restored to health.

One day in 1888 there was an exciting palaver on our station, caused by the anger of a great witchdoctor, wife of the young chief Noso. She brought a slave who was converted and baptized, threatening to kill him. There were several men with her to plead her cause with the missionaries. They first tried Fred, but he was adamant. Then they went outside Mr. Clark's house with the same result. Then Mr. Lewis was there and they argued with him, but could not succeed. A man struck the steps, *threateningly*, with a long sabre. Then I saw a pretty sight: Mrs. Clark came out, carrying baby Gordon in her arms, and calmly walked back and forth on the top step. It seemed that the mob dared not trespass, presently they walked away, the witchdoctor angrily hauling the slave back to town. This was not the only time that Mrs. Clark showed a courage which cowed cruel natives in Congo.

Joe was very very proud of her, and we were proud of them both.

MATTIE FREDERICKSON

"OUR MAMA MONKASA"

Mrs. Joseph Clark of the Ikoko — Tondo Field 1892 — 1930
Her Children in Congo testify at a Memorial Service
May 13, 1944 at Tondo.

She was a good Sower

I was a very little boy when I first came to know Mrs. Clark. She called me her child. Often I slept in her house. Mrs. Clark, or Monkasa, that name is known all over this land: it will not be forgotten. She was a helper, a lover of people, a great loving teacher. She loved black folk and we called her "mother". Today we think of her as "grandmother". Whenever she heard of anyone in need, she left her house to seek the needy and often brought them back into her home to care for or teach them.

Recently news of her last illness came to us, and a great sorrow filled all our hearts. Especially have our women been sad. Oh! sorrow, great sorrow has been felt in our midst! Monkasa worked the work she was sent to accomplish. No one is forever upon this earth. Moses, Elijah, Peter,

James and Paul with others have preceded. In our time each must follow. Monkasa has gone to the place prepared for her. But the seed she planted here will never perish. It will live and bear fruit because she was a good sower.

Many of you listening to me saw Monkasa here. Do you refuse to go and see her there? The Word of Truth sown by her here was that you might believe in Jesus. Let that Seed grow in your hearts that we all may rejoice forever there with her.

FRANK TEVA CLARK,
senior pastor Ikoko — Tondo church.

* * *

One With a Winning Smile

The smile of Monkasa was upon me as a child. Tonight a corpse (my only son exhausted after 48 hours of repeated seizures) lies in my house. No ordinary enticements could have drawn me away at such an hour. But to speak of those who saved me and changed me — for that I had to come.

Wars had killed or scattered my people. I wandered here and there naked and all alone, a little child unwanted and full of fears. One day a boat came to Bikoro, and the people shouted "The king of the white Christians is here". Terrified, I ran away. But a soldier caught me and dragged me screaming and naked to the steamer and gave me to Mr. Clark. I was very unhappy in their home at Ikoko, but gradually Monkasa's smile won me over. My fears disappeared. But I was a mischievous child and made many mistakes. But Monkasa did not punish me. She would say, "Tut-tut-tut!" and then help me to do things correctly and to learn my lessons well. Thus God chose that I might be saved. Days and nights would not suffice to tell of our saviours, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and the way they cared for many orphans in our land. As I grew I helped them in caring for the orphans, I helped also to care for their own children. Today we have Life. The Seed is now in our hands to sow that Truth may live.

NSONGO MALATA,
Bible Woman. Mother of the departed invalid son, and 3 daughters who are wives of evangelists.

My saviour and teacher

I was saved as a small child by Mr. and Mrs. Clark. As I grew my task was to cook food for the many orphans. God's love caused them to feed the orphans, and to teach us all of Jesus. They ever helped us that we in turn might help others.

BANGA MALATA,
wife of a fisherman.

* * *

A Mother Indeed

"Ye are the salt of the earth!" "Ye are the light!" Who wants to eat food that has no salt? Who wants to walk in the darkness? Nobody does. Did Monkasa bring salt for our food? No, for our soul's sake she fed us and clothed us. In Lower Congo she heard the challenge for Christ in Lake Tumba area:—there the people eat each other, they kill each other. Go there to distribute the Good Salt, to shed abroad the Gospel Light, to heal the sick and to save the lost!

Take courage. Look at the chair prepared for you: are you going to sit on it? He who wore thorns has prepared for us the place, and the right to sit on a throne in His glory.

Monkasa and her husband perspired, yes terribly, to hew down the forest and plant the garden. They too wore a crown of thorns that we might wear a crown of life eternal. I never knew my mother. Monkasa was as my mother, clothing me, nursing me when ill and teaching me. A mother indeed was she to me. Oh let us all profit by the teachings of those who came first to us, and are now first to enter into life everlasting and full of joy. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid — believe!" Let us be washed from our sin that cleansed by Jesus we may one day join our Mama Monkasa.

MARGARET GERTRUDE RATTRAY,
Bible woman, graduate of Spellman Seminary 1899

* * *

Her Children

I was helper to a soldier. One day I was taken to Ikoko. I recall that on a certain Monday four of us boys stood at roll call, and after prayers Monkasa said, "Come children

and get food". I was surprised. Another time she called us her children and told us that Jesus wanted us to come to Him and she taught us the words, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven". Food, fish with salt, and clothing were given to us—how kind the teachers were. In addition Monkasa called herself our mother. She agreed to heal us if we had ulcers, boils, jiggers and fevers. Yes, she sought to feed and heal us even as Jesus did so long ago. When she and her husband went on furlough and other teachers took their places we respected these others, but our first love was always for Monkasa and Pebe (Mr. Clark). Today we are fathers and children, brothers and sisters because of their teaching and the fact that they lived as they taught. We thank God for them.

MBALAKA PIERRE,
fisherman, Bible School superintendent.

* * *

Our Healer

There was a war in Mpaha and all of my relatives were killed. I did not know how or where to run. A soldier saw me and wanted me to be his wife. Then another soldier came and seized me for himself, and a big fight started until an officer came and settled the trouble by freeing me from the soldiers and sending me to Mr. Clark at Ikoko. At the school I was afraid because there were some men plotting to take me and sell me as a slave. Monkasa saved me from those who would have harmed or sold me, and placed me in the girls' dormitory.

Monkasa was also as a doctor healing and helping us to be well and strong. With food and loving deeds she drew the most repulsive and fearstricken unto herself. She taught us to sew, and in due course to prepare and provide for the coming of our babies. There was no hospital then, so she attended our confinements on the beaten earth floors of our mud huts. She taught us to keep those huts clean and tidy. Monkasa never stayed at home. Tirelessly by day and by night she went about from school to visit us in our huts all over the village. All because of Jesus, she lived and worked among us. What are we doing? Her words will never leave our hearts, and the memory of her deeds will never be for-

gotten. But it is by doing her deeds ourselves that we shall one day see her again, and the face of her Saviour and ours.

MPUTU LOUISA,
wife of Bonsei Jean, Tondo senior deacon.

* * *

A challenge

The war caused us to go to the Clarks that we might be spared alive. We learned at the feet of Monkasa and Pebe, they who cared for us, fed and clothed us. Now Mama Monkasa has gone to join Pebe who went ahead 14 years ago here in Congo. All who remember her, let us hold Jesus fast. We were dead in sin, their witness saved us. Let us believe in Jesus the Saviour, that we may be able to escape the darkness and reach the Dawn where He is the Light, where now Mama Monkasa is found with Him.

MPUTU LOUISA II,
former matron in the girls' school.

SACRED SALT AND LIGHT OF LIFE

1944 Founder's Day Address at Tondo, by Thomas Ikembe
Text: Matthew 5:13-16.

The work of God was started at Ikoko in Bonginda on the shores of Lake Tumba in 1892 by him whom we honor today. Mr. Joseph Clark, known to all as Nkaka Pebe. In due time 6 converts were baptized all of whom are now dead. Again there was a baptismal service for two converts, they also are dead. Then seven were baptized of whom five are now dead, there remain alive but two till this day: one Bilepo bi Mioto retired after having been many years in a gospel teaching post with her husband; and I, Thomas Ikembe who stand before you today to proclaim these words.

We hear and say the word "Nkaka" but few know of whom they speak and we pause to think of the land he found when he came here so long ago. Our land was a terrible forest and full of wild beasts. Exuding from the very heart of this earth was a smell of evil which filled the nostrils. The heart itself was utter darkness.

Nkaka Pebe came here with a heart full of the fruit of the Spirit. But he could not share and sow good seed in this evil place till first he cultivated and prepared the soil. The task of cultivation was tremendous because un-

friendliness surrounded him on every hand: our warriors came with spears, bows and arrows to hinder and instill fear. But Nkaka had courage, fearlessness, there was no cowardice in him. Confronted by spears he threw beads and other nice things to the ground. Scrambling to get these nice things we so much desired, the warriors temporarily forgot their fears and enmity. Little by little fear and suspicion were replaced by a curiosity to know what further gifts he might distribute. Finally there began to dawn an interest in the giver of these gifts.

Nkaka Pebe had to upturn huge trees, and break the teeth of leopards i.e., overcome great obstacles. Then, and only then could he begin to plant kindness, love, forgiveness, God and His Word. He was salt, the salt of the earth. We do not know much about the work of salt, but our white teachers do, for in their lands it is used to preserve, to prevent decay. We know it mostly as something that gives taste to food. Jesus said, "Ye are the salt of the earth". He said this to Nkaka Pebe, and he came to Lake Tumba where waste and decay abounded, to save by God's grace. He taught us of God's love for us, and then that Jesus calls us to tell others of His love. We were murderers, eaters of human flesh, and many were bound in cruel slavery. He came the good salt of God to judge the spoilers and murderers and to free the slaves. The paths to Ikoko by land and by lake became lined with people who wanted him to save them from death. "Pebe, Pebe" was a cry which became synonymous with salt, that which saves. Shouted across the waves or in the stillness of the night, the name brought Nkaka as one running to rescue the lost from harm and death.

"Ye are the light....so let your light shine" says Jesus. Nkaka was a light in this place of darkness. Just think, all of the chairs in his home and even his table where he and his wife ate food were spoiled by us. Our bodies were covered with (red) camwood powder and oil, and everywhere we sat or leaned filthy marks were left. But always seeing us draw near Nkaka would call "Lizi, Lizi!" (Mrs. Clark — Eliza) and together with gentle teaching they sought to remove the filth in our hearts replacing it with cleanliness, purity, kindness and a sweet smell. Stinking diseases and repulsive

entered into their presence, but for these sick ones houses were built, then they were nursed, fed wholesome food, and spoken to of God. Ah! the deeds of Nkaka and his wife shed light and salvation, brought God to us, and us to God.

Then when the Light had shone into our hearts and lives, much of the evil was purged away, and the Light in us began to be seen. We learned and loved to say daily the words of John 3.16, and to sing a chorus which meant, "God sent His son to remove my sin, Jesus my Saviour your love draws me". Gradually people began to be baptized. As the children learned to speak and sing of God's love and of Jesus our Saviour, the elders were attracted. Looking now over the course of these years we see that thousands have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour and been baptized.

But today we see may backsliders! Why? Why? Is God dead? Is Jesus dead? Deeds today are full of darkness. From whence comes all of this evil? Deeds are shewing that we are permitting ourselves to be married to the world, the salt is gone, no longer is the light able to shine! Shame! SHAME!

Nkaka Pebe was a child of white folks, likewise his wife. brother-in-law, Mr. Sjoblom, Mrs. Christopher, and others who have died in our midst, or are living now in retirement in the land of white folks, and these still serving in our midst — all called themselves our brothers. Thus are you their brothers, but alas, you are no longer children of the Light. Oh, what path are you on? You feel that today you are all right, all right in your sin and selfishness and denial of Christ — but, perhaps tomorrow we shall be weeping with those who mourn your death.

"In none other name is there salvation: for neither is there any other name under heaven that is given among men, whereby we must be saved" save the name of Jesus. Man, woman, my child, where are you? Are you saved? Our fathers were naked, we here today are wearing clothes. But, do these clothes save us? Do we need to go to America or Europe? No! No! We need the Name, the Name of Jesus, and that Name is HERE. Why refuse the Name which is above every name, and which was brought to us by Nkaka and those who have followed him as our teachers? Get off the

path of death! Get on to the path of sacred salt, of life of light. Get on the Jesus path of Nkaka Pebe's that beginning now God's name may be honored by your deeds. Come, let us come to Jesus. He changes us into His likeness. Do you hear? COME!

(translated from Lo-Ntumba language by M.Eldredge)
March 12,1944

A VISIT TO A RURAL DISPENSARY

Very few people at home are quite out of reach of a Doctor; in Africa thousands have no Doctor at all — They are trusting us to give them help in the measure of which Paul spoke when he said: Bear ye one another's burdens.

I am one of the fortunate nurses who is able to go visiting to our rural dispensaries from time to time. It is very interesting to go on a trip. We usually send a messenger or a letter in advance to let the infirmier (native nurse) know that we are coming on a certain day. Then follows a note to the Chief of the Chefferie asking for carriers to come on the appointed day to carry the bed load, chop-box, clothes trunk, plus lanterns, water and medical supplies. During the rainy season, we must be prepared and take extra dry clothes, umbrella and raincoat.

On the appointed day, the carriers arrive and choose their load. Many like to carry the bed-load for while it is bulky it is not heavy. They adjust their loads on their heads and off we go. When we are well away from the Mission station these sturdy men or boys begin to sing lustily. Some linger behind to ask a few questions or give a little information concerning the villagers.

One does not find it easy to travel for when the sun shines it shines with all its might and beats down unmercifully on travelers. Again, when it rains, tiny streams become rushing torrents hardly passable without a bridge. On my last visit to one of our dispensaries out in the bush, three sudden showers at various times, drenched us and the water dripped out of our shoes and baggage. After some hours of walking in the sunshine all became dry again except the bread and the bed-load.

For me it is always a delight to go through the forests, dark with shade. Enormous trees festooned with creepers and wild flowers, odd plants and bushes and a cooling stream

offer a choice place to rest a little while and eat a bite. The natives welcome the water but not the forest for fearful animals, snakes or evil spirits might be lurking near and the "tsetse fly" which causes sleeping-sickness finds its habitation in the forests.

Late in the afternoon, we catch sight of the village roofs and little groups of huts where we will spend the night. A lusty cry "The mundele (white man) is coming" and soon an audience appears to greet us. We arrive in the village and greetings are exchanged. Chairs are brought for our convenience and we rest a bit — then come the requests for medicines and baby-clothes and what not. We tell the folks that we are leaving early in the morning to visit the Dispensary so we have an evening Gospel service and nearly all attend. The natives do need the simple message to stir their hearts and strenghten their faith in God.

The next morning we are on our way shortly after 6 o'clock. We may see within fairly close range a few animals, a buffalo or some antelope, and more than once I saw snakes along the path. We cross the river in a dug-out, leaky canoe made from a large tree and then we can see, on the top of the mountain, the trees growing on the Mission compound. A good stiff climb up the mountain, down narrow trodden paths, through tall grass and dark forests, crossing occasional streams and then— we pause to look at the crowd squatting round the hospital, boys and girls wearing bandages to cover nasty ulcers, anxious mothers with their babies on their backs, old men smoking leisurely—all eager to welcome the missionary nurse who to them is like a doctor.

Their questions are like these: Are you well, Mama? Did you bring any medicine? Have you any clothes (baby) or books to sell, and when will you examine us? We arrive at the Dispensary which has its little store of medicines and after a talk with the nurse (a fine Christian man) we decide that on the morrow we shall examine the people.

Bright and early the next morning, the chapel bell rings for prayers-- I ask, "Who is going to speak?" "Mama, you will speak to us for you have come a long way and we do not hear you often." After chapel a hurried breakfast and then to the clinic to examine patients---large and small, young and old, clean and unclean, from nearby and far away villages —

they have come for relief from bodily ills. As I examine these patients, I am reminded of how Christ when He was upon earth had compassion upon the sick and healed all manner of diseases. I do not hesitate but tell these needy and sin-sick souls of the love of God and the healing power of Christ if they will accept Him.

After examining a certain patient thoroughly I could find nothing wrong with him but he insisted that he needed medicine. He said, "Mama, if you don't give me medicine I shall die." I asked him what he would die from and he said "From old age." To that I replied that we had no medicine to ward off old-age but God would keep him even if he were old. He remarked that he did not know Him or Christ and so was fearful.

A quick survey of the drugs left, checking the accounts and cash receipts with the register, signing some passports and a few Fiches de Traitement (a record of illness and treatments) and the day is over.

Another day dawns — we must be on our way but we must check up on the buildings and cleanliness of the compound. Then, too, it is baby-clinic day so we will stay and see the babies as they come in from as many as 12 different villages. At nine they begin to come and keep coming-about 140 in all today. I look at these lovely smiling babies and my heart rejoices with the mothers that they are for the most part well. An occasional cold, many cases of skin disease, a few undernourished, several with malaria, some with a fever and I have checked up on them all. A gospel message is presented to the mothers each week by the nurse as well as a health talk. Then, if the mothers come regularly 20 times (often she must walk 3 or 4 hours) she gets a baby shirt, if we have one to give. For regular attendance of 50 times, she gets a colored white cross dress for her baby-the only one many babies in this area ever get.

Noon, and we leave with a hearty farewell ringing in our ears. Almost 2 days walking and we are back to our post. It has been a good trip and these regular visits to each of our five rural dispensaries help much to alleviate suffering and gives us opportunity to make Christ known to the sick.

We need to teach the African natives that prevention is better than cure — also that soap and water and cleanliness

can do much to eradicate disease and prevent much discomfort. More than that, we must tell them:

The Saviour came to seek and save His lost ones,
Who have wandered far away;
To rescue them from sin His life He offered
On Calvary's cross one day.

LENA YOUNGSMAN

CITY WOMEN

The arrival of Miss Shank has given much joy to our Leopoldville women. The afternoon she was to speak to them every woman who possibly could and is interested in the Lord's work attended the meeting. The church was filled. They wanted to see their American "Mother" who takes such great interest is them and did not mind taking the strain of a long and weary journey upon her is order to see her Congo children and bring them greetings from their Christian women friends in America.

The announcement of sending a lady missionary next year in order to take care of the women's work in Leopoldville was received with enthusiasm.

Women's work is very essential in the city. One could be tempted to think that in the flood of civilisation and social progress heathenism is quite out of place. Yet the roots of cultivated paganism cling desperately in the depths of the human heart and are very hard to extract. Superstition, hidden fear and heathen practices are not unknown here. Many a woman is still hanging on, sometimes unconsciously, to the tribal and clan traditions and such belief will manifest itself to a large extent only in extreme cases such as sickness, disease or death in the family.

Most of our women here need constant care. They have to be visited regularly, to be encouraged. They have to be taught patiently in so many ways and have to be borne upon praying hearts in the assurance that the incorruptible seed of the Word of God will bring forth fruit in due time; although the blossoms tarry the growing is in process, and only time will show forth the unfolding life.

On the whole the city women show their gratitude when one visits them. They open their hearts with their many small and big sorrows. Often they are so taken up with their work,

pounding manioc — or corn flour, kneading their manioc bread or washing their earthenware pots and pans, that the pouring forth of their troubles goes rhythmically with the movements of their occupations. Others show their gratefulness very politely in leaving their work, washing their hands before greeting and in bringing a chair or a stool to sit down.

Who can estimate, the good that comes out of the life of a real Christian woman! The blessing of it spreads over to her husband, her children, her whole household and surroundings, and goes with her wherever she goes.

Therefore let us continue, in faith and prevailing prayer, the work among the Congo women believing that the labour done as unto Him who has died for them to set them free from the bondage of heathenism will bring forth much fruit.

I. Amaly Baiotti

EXAMINATIONS FOR BAPTISM OF CONGO CONVERTS.

Among the widely varied activities of a Missionary certainly one of the most interesting is that of examining candidates for baptism. It is also one of the most fatiguing, especially when carried on for several hours, or even days, at a stretch. For the one examining it is a fine source of information since it gives an insight into native thought, revealing how much is personal experience, and how much is as yet an imposition upon the surface of life's activities. It is an invaluable index for ascertaining the line of future instruction, as well as a helpful indication of the work of the local catéchiste-teacher.

How many times during deputation tours in the Home land have we been asked the question. "But can these people *really* understand spiritual things?" The erroneous implication is that Salvation is purely or primarily a matter of intellectual grasp. But we read from the Word that "With the *heart* man *believeth* unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto Salvation," Surely. intellectual comprehension is a necessary prerequisite, else we should never be justified in using Mission funds to quicken and guide intellectual perception. But since Salvation is a matter more of spiritual than mental grasp, the

reception and understanding of spiritual truth is as possible for them as for any other people. It is to this end, to show their grasp of spiritual truth, that I would like to delve back into the treasury of precious memories, and set forth some of them as testimonies.

I had been examining all one long day, at one of our district Church centers. About five o'clock I started down the path leading to the river where I intended to have a refreshing dip. Ahead of me was a woman and as I began to overtake her I heard her talking to herself with some vigor. "Aha", I thought, "Some one has done her a mean turn and she's telling them off. I'll have some fun with her." So I came on quietly until I was within speaking distance, then suddenly called out, "Who is that you are talking about?" I shall not forget how she turned, startled, to reply, "Oh, No Tata, I was not talking about any one, I was just telling the Lord about my sins." I have often pondered that incident. If we can lead a group of people like herself to talk to the Lord about their sins then we need never fear but that we have planted in Congo an indigenous Church.

We were examining a young woman "What is Baptism," was asked her. "Why it is like some of our law-suits," she replied. "You know that if they accused me and the case goes to the judges; if, when it is tried, they paint my left arm with chalk, that shows that I am guilty. But if they paint my right arm that shows that I am innocent. And baptism is just like they painted my right arm white, to show that the Church judges my life to be worthy, in the Lord, for baptism."

Sometimes, in order to get their reactions, to endeavor to ascertain that the Spirit is in them, we may ask; "What would you do if you were tempted". Many will say, "Oh, I'd pray." Another may say, "Oh, but I wouldn't sin." An old woman was being examined when we asked this question. She too assured us that she wouldn't sin. We persisted, "But suppose you were greatly tempted, what would you do?" She persisted that she wouldn't sin. "But, Mama, don't you ever get angry or do anything that is wrong?" She again assured us that she didn't. We had reluctantly to tell her she must be taught longer before being received. As she left us she stood for a few moments

in the doorway. I cannot forget her disappointment, or her half reproachful tone as she said. "But Tata isn't that what you teach us, that we shouldn't get angry or sin?" In her fear lest she be rejected by admitting sin, she had given us the answer she thought we wanted to hear, rather than speaking out of her own heart experience.

Many of those who read this, will I hope, forgive if I incorporate into these experiences one often told in the home land. This also was an old woman. She had testified that she knew she was saved because she had such peace in her heart since she had believed in Christ as her Saviour. "Suppose you lost this peace, what would you do," we asked her. Like a flash she replied, "Oh, I wouldn't lose it unless I did wrong." "Well, suppose you did and then you found this peace was gone"? She answered us twice but did not satisfy us and she became worried lest we should not accept her. Only those who have seen them can understand how bitter is the disappointment of such, for it may be six months or a year before the missionary can return to examine them again. Her head was bowed, greatly troubled, and my heart went out to her. Then her face lightened up as she suddenly raised her head and said, "Tata, I know. I'd come back just the way I came the first time. You know that when I came to Jesus I had nothing, yet He received me. And if I sinned and lost my peace I'd just have to come back again and say, See Lord, I've sinned and lost the peace you gave me, but Lord I've nothing to bring and you will have to take me back." And with a note of triumph she cried, "And He would."

My experiences, many of them, seem to run to these old Congo mothers. The Doctor was with me on another occasion, when we called in an old woman. She was one of these sterner type lacking in humor. She said something which we did not catch but which set the local Pastor-Mvungi to laughing. Asked for an explanation he said "She says to tell you that she doesn't want you to be asking her any of your old hard proverbs."

Some of the clearest testimonies I have ever heard have come from the lips of some of these women, and from some of the very youngest candidates. It has been our custom on occasion to call in a few of the teachers just to listen

as we examine. It gives them a new idea of what we are seeking and so of the lessons needed to be taught. It has happened that some young 'buck' has been called, who came in with a copy of John in his pocket to show he knew how to read, and with an air of, "Well it's about time you got around to me." Soon he is a sad but wiser individual as he finds himself rejected. Then, should he be followed by one of these clear, clear cases, the teachers break out with, "But Tata, why is it? We thought sure that young fellow would be the one to be received and that these other cases would be sent away." "We do not know" we would reply. "Perhaps it is because he tried to tell us just what you have been teaching him, while these others, just looked into their hearts and told us what was there." Some times a teacher candidate makes the poorest showing of all. Some have been sent back four and five times before finally being received.

During deputation work we have found that many are very legitimately interested in the type of questions asked these candidates. For just what do we seek. Perhaps a few questions here will not be amiss. We learn to put these questions into a multitude of forms, for our people have an amazing ability, under good teaching, of learning the answers without having the experience; I have often tried to stump individuals with questions, and couldn't, while all the time inwardly convinced that they were not ready for baptism. Not one missionary, I feel sure, will admit of having found an infallable method of examination. For myself, if I have erred, I am sure it has been on the side of being overly severe in demands made upon them.

Here then are a few sample questions: — How do you know you are saved? Or it may be varied to,— How do you know that your sins are forgiven? How do you know your heart has been cleansed? How do you know you are truly converted? How do you know you are in the way of God? and many other forms of questions with the same general content. The purpose, evidently, is to determine if there has been an inward experience of Divine Grace, of which the individual is conscious. Although there are some of whom one can not be sure, there are always some who give unmistakable evidence to this great fact. I have often rejected a candidate whom I felt was gen-

uinely saved, but whose knowledge in other respects we were convinced needed strengthening. For instance, does he know how to pray? How deep are his convictions of right and wrong. That is, we want to be sure that this person is willing, and recognizes the necessity of a change in his life from the old walk. I think four of five of my messages this year, in the villages, have been from Matthew 10:34 and similar passages to show that we cannot walk in the path of the Lord unless we are willing to break with the old customs even at cost of family and friendship ties, if need be. There is a heart breaking number of losses of young women and girls, from the Church because they lack convictions as to whom, where and how they marry.

Other questions,— How would you know right from wrong? What is the work of the Spirit? How do you know that He is in your heart? What is conversion? How would you teach another person to be saved? This last reveals how many still think Salvation is a matter of works rather than a simple "looking to Jesus".

In speaking of examinations of candidates in Congo we should point out that there is another type of examination practiced by the writer and some others, though perhaps not by all. While at Vanga and now here at Moanza we insist that a young person of teachable age must know how to read. One tour, with me, of our field I am sure would convince any who might be inclined to be skeptical. I do not see how an illiterate Church can ever be a strong one, or ever pass the "infant" stage. Naturally such a decision has not been received with enthusiasm and it has barred the way to many an individual. Fortunately, most of our native leaders see the wisdom of such a demand. Last year we began to examine boys from our Station Boarding School. After examining a few we stopped since they would not keep their yards and quarters clean. We are all insisting that a changed life ought to mean an outward change also for cleanliness. In other words the old proverb that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Many a time we have refused a whole village because the Church-School building, or State House was in bad condition. We have refused candidates because the name of their wife was not written into their tax book though they had been married for some time. Many are rejected

when it is found they do not know beyond the second page of their catechism.

Step up ladies and gentlemen. Who wishes to be examined?

LEWIS A. BROWN

NOTES

We are thankful that Miss Hazel Shank, secretary of the Woman's Board, has arrived in Congo after a long and tedious journey, we pray that her visit may bring much blessing to all with whom she visits. A report of her visit will follow in a later number.

* * * *

Miss Lillian Brueckman, missionary of W.A.B.F.M.S. in India, has been visiting with us in Leopolville and some of our other stations. This is the first time one of our missionaries en route to India has crossed Africa down to Durban in order to reach her destination.

* * * *

BORN — To Mr. & Mrs. Harry Watkins, Leopoldville, a son, Daniel John, on June 18th.

* * * *

The good news has just reached us that Dorothy Wiseman has arrived in Congo. A hearty welcome to Congo, Dorothy, and as you begin your work in this land we pray God's blessing on you and wish you much joy in your service.

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CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term

BANZA MANTEKE

Rev. M. S. Engwall
Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Esther Ehnbom

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A.Brown
Miss Alice Jorgenson
Miss Eva Shepard

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D.Brown
Miss Marguerite Eldredge
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B.Russell (B.M.S.)

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

Miss Agnes Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F.Robbins
Miss Ruth Dickey
Dr. and Mrs. H.M.Freas
Dorothy Wiseman

KIMPESE

Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Hall

SONA BATA

Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger
Dr. A.C.Osterholm
Miss Muriel Jennings (B.M.S.)

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Mrs. M.S.Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Rev. and Mrs. J.E.Geil
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